

ENVELOPE SERIES

VOL. XV

JANUARY, 1913

No. 4

An International Hospital in Turkey



BY CYRIL F. HAAS, M. D.

AMERICAN BOARD *of* COMMISSIONERS
FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS - BOSTON *Mass.*

A QUARTERLY

Annual Subscription, Ten Cents

Introductory Note.

The American Board has nine hospitals in Turkey, all in the interior of the Asiatic portion. Almost all of them maintain dispensaries and outside practice as well as conduct the distinctive work of a hospital. In these nine institutions last year there were treated 3,401 in-patients, while to the dispensaries came 28,934 patients who received 112,830 treatments. Each of these hospitals serves a wide area, patients coming from hundreds of towns and villages. While remote from the battlefields of the war with the Balkan States, they will all have their share to render in the general work of relief, as back to their regions come wounded, crippled and diseased men from the war, looking for such nursing and help as they may find. Dr. Haas' review of his year at Adana and of the work of the hospital of which he is in charge will be a fresh reminder at an opportune time of these houses of mercy which missions have established in a land of suffering and woe.

W. E. S.

AN INTERNATIONAL HOSPITAL IN TURKEY.

BY
CYRIL F. HAAS, M.D., OF ADANA, TURKEY.



This poor, blind, Moslem beggar stood for years on the Adana bridge, begging daily for the paras that kept him alive. During the massacres, being unable to take an active part in the struggle, he appealed to his friends to help him. A hunted, helpless Armenian was dragged to the spot and held before him, while with a rusty saw and cruel hand, he rudely severed the head from the body. Thus this Moslem gained treasure in heaven. Not in the same way but with the same spirit, this horrible act was repeated thousands of times in Adana and on the Cilician Plain during April, 1909.

Over against such dimness of soul and heartless inhumanity, the International Hospital would take its stand. To do good to those who would do evil; to save life rather than destroy it; to prevent suffering when possible, to relieve it where found—under Cross, under Crescent—these are some of the reaches of its endeavor.

It was always needed in Adana—this hospital dreamed of, from the time of missionary occupation of the city; an object of devoted labor during the twelve years' residence of Rev. W. N. Chambers, D. D.,—it was suddenly forced into existence by the fearful ravages attending the 1909 massacres. During those dark days of unspeakable human butchery, four emergency hospitals were hastily opened and in them Red Cross nurses and voluntary workers tirelessly spent themselves in relieving human pain.

After the days of sharp stress were over and the immediate needs were met, the workers retired from the city and the hospitals were closed—with one exception, made possible by the efforts of Dr. Chambers, Major Dowty-Wylie, English Vice-Consul and Edward I. Nathan, Esq., American Vice-Consul, members of the International Relief Committee. It was their conviction that the succeeding needs of this city of tragedy could be met best by a permanent Hospital—The International—to be opened to all races, closed to no creeds; to be in the highest sense a massacre memorial.

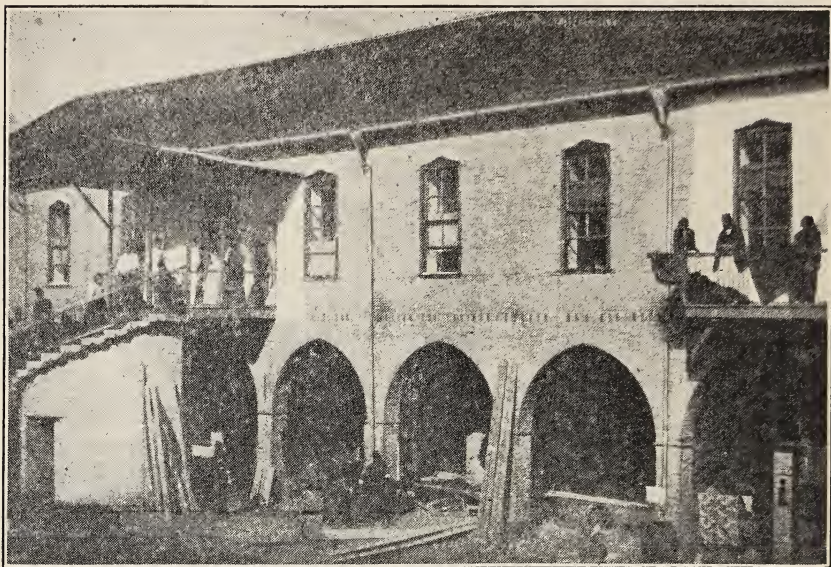
For three years its doors have welcomed the sick, extending its range with the passing days of usefulness.

The wards and clinics have been hallowed by the many devoted workers who have served in them, among whom were Miss Annie Davies and Mrs. Dowty-Wylie, who nursed during the heated days immediately following the massacres. Lady Rosalind Northcote and Hon. Florence Colburne came in the autumn of 1908 from England, to assist Miss H. E. Wallis, who has toiled so long and unsparingly among the sick poor of Adana. Later Miss Lydia Talbott came from England and Miss Davies from Syria to remain for permanent nursing. Doctor John Peoples of the American Presbyterian Mission in Mersine gave four months of efficient service and, following him, Dr. Salibian, an Armenian physician, took charge of the wards and clinics.

In keeping with the plan of permanency of the hospital, a call was issued for a foreign physician, and the writer was given the privilege of responding to this call, arriving in Adana in May, 1911.

To a newcomer in a strange land with so many languages, of which he knew none, everything seemed a problem. The needs of the suffering appeared overwhelming. Adana, devastated in one year by massacre, fire and flood, seemed steeped in despair. Those whose lives were left to them had all ambition blasted. Fear, poverty and disease frowned on them everywhere. Eye diseases were so prevalent as to make healthy eyesight almost the exception; while malaria, with its dreaded complications was continuing, in more subtle ways, a widespread massacre of its helpless victims.

The building though not primarily erected for hospital purposes, had been very well adapted for it under the supervision of Dr. Chambers. Wards had been spaced, private and nurses' rooms provided. During the year, the process of hospital organization has been continued and facilities provided for operative work — a sphere



The International Mission Hospital

in which a properly equipped hospital may render large service. The wood-work of the wards has been stained and the walls whitewashed, the operating room enameled and tiled. A lift was provided for the conveyance of food from the kitchen to the wards, made possible by money secured through Mrs. Nesbitt Chambers.

The existence of cholera in the city seemed to demand, at times, the exclusion of all other patients. Fortunately the epidemic never spread to such a degree, the cholera patients always being cared for in a special room on the ground floor. However the uncertainty of it interfered greatly with the clinics and routine work.

The Foreign Staff being so new many difficulties were encountered in not knowing the languages of the country, Miss Davies being the only one using them with ease.

Nine different nationalities were represented in the wards during the hospital year of eight months. The great majority of these two hundred and forty-one were Armenians — a people, who, indeed, live the lives of the hunted. Is there anything more blasting in its effects on life than the element of fear, which now seems to be the most dominant thing in their living. At one time, it is the fear of another massacre, based on rumors that persisted throughout the year, the work of heartless enemies. A shot is heard in the city and the people stampede like cattle. At another time, it is the fear of dread cholera, and in view of the sanitary condition of the city, such fears are not without cause.

With much despair, little brightness and few joys, we have come to know them this year. Why live, when life is so sad! Why toil, only for defeat! What memories but horrible butchery of loved ones! What hopes but poverty and loneliness!

Of the Moslems received in the hospital, there were more than double the number over last year. Of the

forty-six, more than half were cared for during the last two months, indicating the increasing confidence on the part of the Turkish people. It was often impressive to see a Moslem walk into the operating theatre and at the hands of strange doctors and nurses, submit to anesthesia and a serious operation, without the least indication of distrust or fear.



In the Massacre Refuge Camp of 1909

The hospital is located in the Greek section of the city and it is most encouraging to note, on the part of these conservative people, the gradual increase of confidence in our purpose to serve all sick who may come to us, regardless of creed or nationality.

The Kurds, alone and far from home, seemed to appreciate most keenly the treatment of their sick. Not infrequently it was found necessary (to the interest of all the ward) for the doctor to speak to a sick Kurd in a very round-about way: in English to Miss Davies; in Turkish to a Moslem; the latter, in turn, in Kurdish to the patient; a wonderful method of obtaining exact information.

There is a very large increase of Arabic speaking peoples in Adana, and we find Miss Davies' splendid command of this language most useful in helping these people.

Of the three hundred and nine in-patients, two hundred and fifty were men, fifty-nine women and children. Eighty-eight came for surgical treatment and two hundred and twenty-one for medical. Seventy-five operations were performed on fifty-two men and twenty-one women, most of the operations occurring in the last three months. There were no deaths from operations, the mortality among the medical patients being due usually to cholera and malignant malaria.

There were three thousand, eight hundred and twenty-three patients treated in the poly-clinics, receiving in all ten thousand, three hundred and fifty-two treatments. It is significant that during March, April and May, more than twice the number of new patients were seen, as in the previous five months, showing the increasing reputation and influence of the hospital.

It is in this service that one is ushered into the dark side of life. After listening for several hours, daily, to stories of wrecked homes, murdered husbands and sons,

shattered nerves from fright, of poverty and pain, suffering and sin beyond description — it is then that one longs for measureless resources of power to help and heal.

The hospital is fortunate in having a staff in keeping with its name, embracing no less than six nationalities. In addition to an American physician, it includes Miss Annie Davies, Head Nurse and Superintendent of the



A Burial in one Corner of the Refuge Camp of 1909

Hospital, Miss Margaret H. Johnston, Irish, nurse, who arrived in February; Miss Talbott, English, nurse, now in England, but returning in the autumn for permanent work. Of the native staff, there are Dr. Salibian, an Armenian, and four nurses in training. Added to these, we have of helpers, one cook, one man-servant and two

young women. During the coming year, the staff will be increased by the addition of a resident pharmacist, one orderly and a gate-keeper.

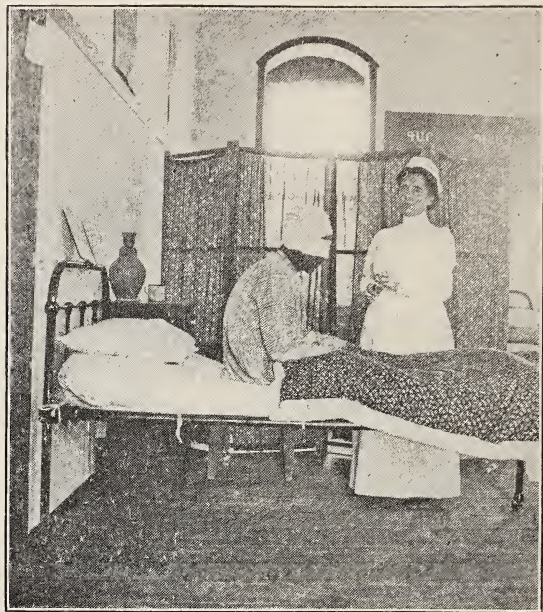
It is with the keenest pleasure that one recalls the enthusiasm and earnestness shown by these workers during the past year. With most of the work depressing, much of it loathsome, with long hours and small pay, the spirit in which they have toiled can only be explained by a constraining love, more than human.

The daily routine of hospital life is as follows: Rising hour at 5.30. Patients' breakfast at 6.30; nurses' breakfast at 7.00; morning prayers for the Staff, conducted by the doctor, at 8.00, followed by inspection of patients in the wards, in company with Nurse Davies. In the meanwhile, Miss Johnston, with the help of the native nurses, prepares the theatre and instruments for the operations of the morning.

Entering the men's ward, large and roomy, one notes the seventeen beds full of brown-faced fellows, looking so typically Oriental, with their white head caps, red shoulder capes and white bed coverlets, having deep turkey-red borders.

Giragos is seen first, the pet of the ward, the little old man of eight years, aged and wasted. His back is bent and his leg is putrid with tuberculosis. "Why don't you laugh?" From out the blank and wrinkled face comes the pathetic reason: "Because the laughs don't come." How could they come in a hut-home, barren and dark, with no one to care but a nearly blind grandmother? How can they come from a body, crooked and racked with pain, a pain without let?

Finding many to love him in the hospital, a new world dawns and later the laughs do come, but not health. Two operations already and no better; amputation the only hope. To save the little sufferer from such a disgrace—that of losing a limb—his blind granny takes him back to his little hovel of despair and to slow death.



Mahmed

Manassa came to the hospital exceedingly ill and no time was spent in making the usual financial arrangements. After weeks of careful nursing, he goes out today, fully recovered, but without paying and without thanking. Yes, there are a few such!

Hagop's stab wound in the thigh is doing nicely. He got it in a drunken quarrel and is having plenty of time

now to think all about it and also, we hope, of higher things.

Mahmed, a Moslem, was led to the hospital by a Turkish woman who found him by the road-side. Both of his eyes are masses of suppuration. Big, strong, robust man that he is, how can I tell him as he begs for a word of hope that he shall not see again. We must send him out to join that ever growing army of the sightless on this plain, whom we meet everywhere and for whom no serious attempt is made that they might be saved from darkness in body or in soul.

Manook, in the adjoining bed, is convalescing from an operation for hernia. He is given permission to get up this morning and forthwith rises on his knees in bed and before all the men, aloud, offers to God a prayer of thanksgiving. It is this same Manook's wife who wanted to be our night nurse "during life and death" if we would only find work for her husband, feed her boy at the hospital and send her daughter to a boarding school.

Artin is next, quiet and discouraged, in the third stage of pulmonary tuberculosis and an outcast. What disease is feared more than consumption in this land! And to be in its grip is to be despised and rejected, even by father and mother. As we look down upon this hopeless situation, we dream of that tubercular pavilion, which some good friend, some day will make possible in this country of matchless sunshine and give to these forsaken sick new leases on life, such as are now coming to Americans and Europeans, similarly afflicted.

Abdulla, the little Moslem, awaits us with a smile and twinkle in his eyes. Found at the gate some days before, nearly dead with cholera, he is told that he can go now. He asks for the names of nurse and doctor on a card. "What for?" "To wear about my neck and place on the wall of my home in my distant country." The request is laughed off until persistence wins. Going, he seeks to kiss our feet and from his lips come most beautiful words of thanks.

In the next bed is Khruder, the large, splendid Kurd, a perfect specimen of manhood, eagerly awaiting his operation. Run over by a cart a month before, a large sluggish ulcer, slow to heal, was produced on the leg and he is most anxious to have the doctor plant new skin on it. The others are doing well with their injuries, operations, dysenteries and malarias; some not so well.

We pass into the corridor to get to the woman's ward, when we meet a Greek, bearing a gift of sweets and one day's wages, his first after leaving the hospital.

In the woman's ward, we see little Varta, with tubercular limbs, having been brought to the hospital by a loveless stepmother, who refuses to receive her again. The little waif begs that we may never send her back to the cruel home.

In the adjoining bed is an Armenian woman recovering from an operation for an abdominal tumor. She is so thankful that she plans to go out and beg for the poor, thus showing her gratefulness to God.

This next woman's face shows great hardship. Her husband and two sons were cut in pieces before her eyes,

and she now lives with her two little girls in a small hut with one mattress as furniture. Working in a cotton factory from daylight to night-light, she must suffer now from the effects of hard labor.

Rebecca, in the opposite bed, has eyes like festering sores. A quack woman, some weeks before was treating her for trachoma, using filthy instruments. Result, a purulent ophthalmia, gone on so long that hope has gone with it. Yet daily we must hear the one cry of her heart, "Is there hope?"

Little black-eyed, brown faced Sarkis greets us with a hearty laugh this morning. Suffering exquisitely for



Sarkis

months with a stone in the bladder, he is now ready, stone in hand to go home with his mother.

The operations are begun and Khruder lies like a soldier, refusing anesthesia, while large slices of skin are cut out from the upper leg and grafted on the ulcer. The English Consul is suddenly announced, who wishes to

see the doctor immediately. The latter not being able to leave the room, the Consul is hastily ushered in, with the startling question, "Have you heard of another massacre begun? Two Christians killed in a vineyard, and people getting panicky. But a wild baseless rumor it was. . . .

The operations of the morning being over, the time before noon is spent in seeing patients waiting in the clinic below.

The first young man happens to be one who would be pleased if his mother-in-law could lie upstairs, since he is tired of her presence at home. Rather an ingenious idea on his part, but seeing that she is not very ill, we think otherwise.

This widowed mother, next, is weary carrying her little son to the clinic. A trunk lid fell on his back months ago, resulting in a deformed back and chronic abscess. "Oh, would that God would take him so that I could get time to earn my living. Otherwise where will my bread come from?"

The following young man who speaks some English, tells us "his inferior parts are unwell; his stomach rolls up like a ball, and he is troubled with the orphanism," a serious combination indeed.

This Turk pleads that we might examine him well, since, he has nobody to care for him. "Have you no wife?" "Yes, two of them, but one is away and the other not well, so give me good medicine." Knowing a very little of Turkish life by this time, one would be free to forecast a good recovery if the wives stayed where they were a little longer.

The next man, anxious to crowd in, has had his ear chewed off by a donkey and carrying it in his hand, wants to know if we can put it back again as Jesus did.

These four village men, with their wonderful combination of colors, rags and beauty (how we love them) are just ready to leave us this morning. A week ago, they



Just Discharged

staggered into the hospital yard from a fifteen day's foot journey, feet sore, swollen, ulcerated, pulses throbbing with high fever; no money, no friends, homeless!

Oh the light that flashed upon their faces when they found the clean beds and friendly nurses! Mixed with the innumerable happenings of the year, are a number which will be kept fresh in memory's store room.

Not the least of these was the most useful and welcome gift of a beautiful operating table from Paris, made possible by a group of English ladies, led by Lady Frederick Cavendish. The gift, so needful to our work, has had extensive use, though set up but a few months.

It is impossible to express our gratitude to the society of "The Friends of Armenia" of London, who have made possible the coming of Nurse Johnston. Eminently fitted for just such work, by natural gifts and thorough training, her coming has been to the hospital work the greatest blessing of the year. To this same society as also to the Bible Lands Mission Aid Society we owe unstinted gratitude for their ceaseless efforts to make possible the maintenance of this hospital work.

In the presence of these overwhelming needs, we often wish that our American and English friends might see the urgency of the situation as we must face it. We are confident that there would be an immediate and enthusiastic response. One such friend came during the year in the person of Mr. Avalon Shiply, Esq., appointed to Adana as H. M. Vice Consul. Though here but ten days (being reappointed because of a death in the service) he saw the urgent needs of the suffering in this stricken city and threw himself enthusiastically into the cause.

Not only did he investigate every phase of our many problems, but personally conducted the new Governor-General through the hospital, and appealed to him for his support in the cause. Not the least was the welcome gift towards the finances and his interviews with wealthy

men of the city and consular representatives in reference to backing the institution. Our staff has been greatly inspired by his noble personality and keen enthusiasm for this kind of human helpfulness. We, too, shall remember the kindly attitude and increasing confidence manifested by the government officials.

We feel under deep obligation to His Excellency, Muttafa Nedin Bey, Governor General of this Province, not alone for his personal gift to the hospital funds, but also for his most kindly disposition towards our work and helpful confidence in our methods and motives.

We shall keep, also, in grateful remembrance the high service rendered to the hospital work by the members of the city Y. M. C. A., in conducting our religious services in the wards. Appreciated by the patients, we have noted many instances of fruit-bearing and impulses to better living. In this connection we are constrained to mention the noble work done by the Bible women in the wards and clinics, in bringing cheer and comfort to the suffering and discouraged.

Each member of the staff longs for that time when he, too, shall be able to take part in this vital side of our work.

And finally, we shall ever be mindful of the increasing number of friends in England and America who have not failed us during the year with their good letters of cheer and financial assistance. None but those in such positions as ours can realize what inspiration they are to the work. And it is because of the assurance we have of your interest in the continuance of this form of

human help, that we are constrained to share with you some of the urgent problems that are heavily encroaching upon us.

Although some of the most real factors in our environment are donkeys and mosquitoes, dust, fleas, flies, filth and mud-made huts, yet we would exchange with none other.

We covet nothing of another except the strength that would give us ever wider service, and carry us far into the added years. Yes, one thing more we covet, your power to help now.

Could you see the suffering as we see them ; hear their pathetic tales as we must, and feel with them in their gropings for love and relief, life would seem cheap and in vain that did not spend itself for such as these.

The International Relief Committee, which rendered such magnificent service after the massacres and which gave inception to the hospital enterprise, has bequeathed to others the continuance of it.

No hospital, even in the most prosperous and progressive country is entirely self-supporting, much less could one be on this Cilician Plain, but so recently and completely laid waste.

It is true that we welcome every opportunity of furthering the hospital's support, by means of pay patients and outside practice, yet it is not the policy of the hospital to strive for entire self-support, for in doing this it would be compelled to cater to the well-to-do classes, those who can get help elsewhere ; while the great mass

of sick poor would be left untouched, those who can get help nowhere.

Thirty-six beds occupy the wards, not one of which, as yet, is being fully maintained by funds from without, yet the majority of which must needs be filled with moneyless, friendless sick. Especially is it true of a hospital in Adana (the Heart of the Cilician Plain) whose



Part of One Morning's Dispensary Patients

population of 60,000 is doubled during certain periods of the year, by wandering, homeless men, seeking work in the fertile fields about us, but many of whom are stricken with the subtle diseases of these low lands.

"Love your enemies!" Where in the width of this wide world could be found a spot more fitting to incarnate

this supreme teaching of our religion of love, than on this blood-stained plain, where men of one religion — thousands of them, innocent, helpless — were shot down, mangled, torn, trampled to the death by the frenzied hate of men of another religion!

“Love your enemies.” When could it be more appropriate than now, after such unbridled hate has spent itself in human destruction and when from amidst the wreckage and ruin, on all sides, the cry of distress and the calls of the suffering seem endless!

“Love your enemies.” How better could it be done than in an institution, whose one impelling force is the love that would minister to the diseased and the defiled, the lame and the lonely; the blind and those in pain and in the pangs of death.

“Love your enemies,” we will to do it, in living every day, but (and let this strike to the heart) the power to make it possible lies with you.

Maintenance: one bed, clean, comfortable, caring for fifteen sick each year (average), with nurses attending night and day, doctors on call at all hours; food, medicines, baths, operations, dressings, \$75.00 or \$15.00 annually.

American Board Publications

Missionary Herald

Published monthly. Contains information from all our missions. 75 cents per year. In clubs of ten or more, 50 cents each. This organ of the Board was never more prized by its readers than now, and it is essential for those who would keep informed in regard to the work of our Foreign Missions and the great religious movements in non-Christian lands.

Envelope Series

A quarterly issued by the Home Department of the Board, in which we present some of our most important articles. Subscription, 10 cents a year.

News Bulletin

Issued by the Home Department from time to time, and invaluable as a brief, newsy synopsis of the leading current events in the missionary world. Furnished free upon payment of postage.

"The Story of the American Board"

BY WILLIAM E. STRONG.

An entertaining and inspiring account of the first hundred years of the American Board's history. It breathes the spirit of a great adventure. Now offered in three editions. Library, \$1.75; Popular (decorative board covers) \$1.00; Paper Cover (without maps) 50 cents.

Literature and Leaflets of the American Board may be had by addressing:

John G. Hosmer, Congregational House, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Or at the District offices:

Rev. Edward Lincoln Smith, D. D., 4th Avenue and 22nd St., New York City.

Rev. A. N. Hitchcock, D. D., 19 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Rev. H. Melville Tenney, D. D., Mechanics Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

American Board Almanac, 1913

THIS bright little Annual, packed with information and attractive in appearance, is out once more. Its pictures are more striking than ever; its array of tables includes a new one on the Industrial Work that is illuminating; the Prayer Calendar is arranged on a new basis: an old friend in a new dress.

The method of sale will be similar to last year's. The price of single copies will be 10 cents, postpaid. Fifteen copies will be sent to one address for \$1.00, postpaid. Packages of not less than fifty can be obtained at any of the Board's offices at 5 cents each; if ordered sent they will be shipped express, collect. All sales will be made on a cash basis. This arrangement will enable Sunday-school classes, Christian Endeavor Societies, or individuals to make some profit for themselves in the sale of the Almanac by buying in quantity and selling at the regular price of 10 cents a copy. Send remittance with address in full to

JOHN G. HOSMER, Agent

14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts